Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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FIRM OF WILL.

He that is just and firm of will
  Doth not before the fury quake,
Of mobs that instigate to ill;
Nor hath the tyrant's menace skill
  His fixed resolve to shake—

Nor Auster, at whose wild command
  The Adriatic billows dash,
Nor Jove's dread thunder-launching hand.
Yea, if the globe should fall he'll stand
  Serene amidst the crash.

—*Horace, Book iii, Ode iii.*

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER VI.

ON DECK AND IN THE SICK BAY.

IT is usual on board ships-of-war to have "inspection" every Sunday; but on the first Sunday of every month, besides "inspection," a general muster of officers and crew is held, at which are read the Articles of War by the executive officer and such General Orders as may have been issued by the Department in the interim. The occasion is one of great ceremony, and, to one unaccustomed to it, exceedingly interesting and impressive. Of course, to an old Jack it is simply a bore.

It happened that the first Sunday at sea had been stormy, and the "function" had accordingly been postponed. There was no fault to find with the second Sunday. The wind was fair but moderate; the day bright and warm. All hands were busy from early morning in putting the ship in complete order. The "bright work" received an extra shine. The great guns were polished till they looked as though they had been lacquered. The running rigging on the spar-deck was arranged, on pin-rail or on deck, in graceful coils. All hands were in muster clothes, with shoes blacked and hair brushed. The officers appeared in frock coats and white gloves, and with all the glitter of epaulets and cocked hats.

"We've got to have that blarsted rot to-day, I s'pose," said an old sailor-man to one of his messmates, in Rex's hearing.

"Yaas; we must 'suffer death, or sich other punishment as a court-martial shall inflict,'" growled the other, quoting a frequently repeated sentence in the Articles of War.

There was a preliminary exercise at 9:30, when the crew "fell in" at their guns, and were critically inspected by the officers of their divisions and the executive officer. Then they were dismissed from quarters until 10 o'clock, when they again "fell in," and the captain's inspection began. Attended by the executive officer, and several junior officers as aids, he made the round of the deck, being received by each division with a "salute," and, after inspecting each, proceeding to visit every part of the ship—the ward-room, steerages, engine and fire rooms, and store-rooms. Perfect silence was kept during this inspection, unless broken by a necessary order. To Rex the whole business was the very ideal of military propriety. He could not understand how it could be otherwise to any body else. And yet it *was* tiresome standing still in ranks so long.

The inspection over, "retreat" was sounded, followed immediately by three prolonged whistles, and the hoarse order repeated on every deck, "All hands to muster!" The crew gathered on the port side of the quarter-deck, and the officers on the starboard side. The marines were drawn up at a "parade rest," abaft the crew, on the poop-deck, with the band opposite. When all was ready the captain came up from his cabin. The executive officer saluted him, and reported that all the officers and crew were on deck. The captain returned the salute, and signed to him to read the Articles of War. Taking his stand at the capstan, and raising his hat for a moment—an act of respect followed by all present—he proceeded in clear, emphatic tones, to read that condensed and admirable digest of military ethics and discipline by which the navy is governed, and which sums up the wisdom of centuries of experience in every exigency of war and peace. Rex listened to every word of it. It was a wonderful document to him. He longed to procure a copy of it, to study at his leisure, if he could ever hope for leisure in a profession in which there was so much to learn. But his interest in the matter had few sympathizers.

Two court-martial orders were read, and then the executive officer approached the captain, and, raising his cocked hat, said,

"The Articles of War and General Orders have been published, sir."

The captain returned the salute, and told him to "go on with the muster."

"Petty officers in the starboard gangway!"

The petty officers came out from among the crew, and formed in two open ranks in the gangway, facing each other. The captain and executive officer moved to the gangway. The pay-master's clerk then proceeded to call the names, and each petty officer, on hearing his name, replied with his rate, and saluted—thus, "Henry Ward!" Henry Ward replied, "Master-at-arms," and touched his cap, and the next name was called.

The crew were then mustered in the same way; only each one, on responding with his rate, walked round the capstan, and then forward between the ranks of the petty officers, the officers as they did so watching their bearing, and the condition of their uniform.

It was after eleven o'clock before the muster was over and the crew piped down. So little space was left before the time for "spreading mess-gear," that church services were somewhat curtailed, and the chaplain omitted his sermon.

In the afternoon the swinging tables were left down, and several of the crew occupied themselves with letter writing. Rex got out his writing materials and wrote several pages of a journal letter which he kept up for his cousin, "Little Ellen," and also filled a sheet for a boy friend at home.

A couple days of bright weather followed. Two ships were sighted, and two barks, and signals exchanged with them.

They had battalion drill one morning. At the sound of

the "assembly" the companies (formed of gun's crews) put on leggings, buckled on cartridge belts, and having been provided with rifles by the armorer, fell in at their regular places on deck for company parade. The bugle sounded and they were marched on to the line, the color company leading. The adjutant, marching from the right of the line to the center, saluted the colonel (the executive officer), and reported the battalion formed. He then returned to his position at the right of the line. The colonel then proceeded to put the battalion through the "manual," all the orders being executed with remarkable promptness and precision. Rex made some blunders, for his training had been brief, but his alertness saved him from conspicuous awkwardness. Then, the band leading and playing a lively air, the battalion was marched up one side of the deck and down the other in column of fours, occasionally breaking into double time. Like all boys, Rex enjoyed "soldiering."

The ship had just about reached mid-ocean when one afternoon the weather crew thick, the barometer began to fall, and sky and sea betokened a change. Sail was gradually reduced. The wind, which had been baffling, came out from the southward, and increased to a gale. The ship was finally hove to, under treble-reefed maintop-sail, a part of the main try-sail, and the fore storm stay-sail. The sea and wind continued to rise during the night, and the head of the main try-sail was hauled down. In the morning the ship was rolling deeply, and the indications were more threatening. Orders were given to start fires, hoist the smoke-pipe, and couple the propeller. The topmast back-stays were set up, and the lower fore and fore topmast rigging were swiftered in. "Life lines" were run fore and aft between the guns on the gun-deck for any one to seize in case he lost his foothold in the violent rolling.

To Rex the situation had both sublime and ridiculous aspects. The shrieking of the wind, the fury of the sea, which sometimes dashed in clouds of spray over the bows, the strange, leaden aspect of the sky, and the behavior of the ship amid all this rage of the elements, impressed the lad deeply. There was a grandeur about the whole scene which was new and uplifting to him. He had no fear, but his eyes beamed with excitement as he clung to a belaying pin, and looked up at the sky and out upon the tumultuous waves.

But when he went below, things had a different look. The most laughable accidents were constantly occurring. The organ broke loose from its lashings, danced about the deck in a most indecorous fashion, and then threw itself on its back as though in a vain attempt to turn a somersault. A barrel of potatoes forward carried away, and the potatoes flew like bullets, the men either dodging them or trying to catch them on the fly. A table in the port cabin broke loose and pulverized things before it could be secured. The crew took their meals that day sitting flat on the deck, and there was "lots of fun" as they slid about, holding hard-tack in one hand and a plate of beans in the other.

The gale continued to increase. The wind shifted to the south-west. The engine "went ahead slowly." Toward the close of the day all hands were again called to shorten sail. The maintop-sail was furled. An attempt was made to haul out the head of the main try-sail, but the gaff carried away, and the sail was therefore brailed up, and the spanker set. The storm mizzen and mizzen stay-sail were "broken out" of the sail room, got up on deck, and set. As night came on, the hatches were battened down.

It was the turn of the port watch to stand from 8 o'clock to 12 that night. Rex and Reddy were among those who "relieved the wheel" at 10 o'clock. The gale appeared to have reached its height. It did not seem as though the wind *could* blow any harder, yet the ship rode very easily. Seven bells had been reported, and the lads had just congratulated themselves that they had only another half-hour to stand, when an accident occurred. One of the wheel ropes parted. The wheel, breaking away from those who held it, spun round like a top. All let go the spokes but Rex. He pluckily held on, and was whirled over the wheel, striking the deck on the other side with great violence. Reddy was with him in an instant. He kneeled down and spoke to him, but poor Rex lay unconscious, showing no signs of life. He was almost forgotten for the moment in the excitement. Rapid orders were given by the officer of the deck. A part of the watch were ordered below to hook the "relieving tackles" in the wardroom, so as to bring the ship again under the control of the rudder. The after skylight was opened and the ship was steered in accordance with orders shouted down. A new wheel rope was "broken out," and preparations made to reeve it. Meantime Reddy hastened below and informed the surgeon that the boy Ransom was "hurt." As he went to go up to the deck, he met some of the watch bringing Rex below to the sick bay. They laid him on the floor, and the surgeon examined him. No bones were broken as far as could be discovered. The right wrist appeared to be sprained, and he was badly bruised—that was all. Restoratives were administered and Rex recovered consciousness, but seemed dazed, and winced when the surgeon touched him. A cot was rigged, and he was lifted into it. The surgeon gave the apothecary some directions, and went back to the wardroom. The bay man applied a cooling lotion to his wrist, and Rex shortly after fell asleep.

When he awoke the next morning he felt so sore that he could not move without screaming. The bay man bathed him with liniment, and he felt somewhat easier. Reddy came in and went up to his cot, and then stepped backward a pace or two as was his custom. The lads talked over the events of the night.

"You left me in a big hurry—didn't stop to say good-night—when you went over the wheel; but I don't bear you no ill-will," said Reddy, cheerily.

Rex smiled.

"That's right," said Reddy, replying to the smile; "barometer's risin'—I can see that. Never say die."

There was a sudden movement on deck. Rex looked up inquiringly. "What's that?" he asked.

"Nothin' much," Reddy replied, coolly. "The ship's overboard, that's all."

"This is quite a hurricane, isn't it?" Rex replied.

"Dunno much about the hurricane part," said Reddy; "the only hurricane I've found was in the wardroom."

"What do you mean?"

"The only canes I have found in a hurry," said Reddy, scratching his nose, "was in the wardroom; and I'll be jiggered if I could pass a single room in there last night without bein' hit by one. Every roll brought 'em out."

Rex laughed very heartily, much to Reddy's satisfaction. He had come to the sick bay hoping to cheer up his friend.

"Is the wheel rope fixed?"

"Yes, they rove a new one last night."

"What's going on on deck?"

"Nothin' much. Rundlet has the deck, and he's as mad as a wet hen this morning."

"What's the matter?"

"O, nothin' goes right—"

The bay man interrupted the conversation by bringing some medicine in a wine-glass. He gave it to Reddy to hold while he lifted Rex up. The latter gave a half-scream. Reddy put the glass to his lips and said,

"Here, toss this off, and 'twill take the hair right off yer head."

Rex's smile came back again.

"So Mr. Rundlet got furious, did he?" he asked, returning to the conversation.

"Furious?—yes, *sul*phurious," Reddy replied, grimly. "The air was sort o' blue all around him. But when 'Holy Joe' came on deck—"

"Who's 'Holy Joe?'" interrupted Rex.

"Why, don't you know?—the 'sky pilot,' the chaplain."

"Well, what then?"

"He sort o' left out the bad words then. 'Twas very funny," and Reddy mimicked the officer as he gave the orders, repeating the commands, and leaving blank spaces for objectionable words.

Rex was very much amused.

"You know the boy Dutton?" Reddy continued. "Fine specimen *he* is!"—he interjected, scornfully. "Rundlet ordered him to let go the weather vang of the try-sail gaff, an' what do you s'pose he said?"

"I can't guess."

"Well, he said, 'I aint a-techin' it, sir.'"

This was so richly ridiculous that all in the sick bay burst out laughing.

"They sent him down the other mornin' to the navigator's room to see if the chronometers was wound, an' he cum back and said, 'The *corn*ometers is all wound, sir.' He calls the dynamo 'the dynamite.' His skull is about as thick as the heel of my shoe," he added, contemptuously.

The watch below was piped to breakfast.

"We're goin' to have some dandyfunk this morning—shall I bring you some?" asked Reddy, rising to leave.

"What's dandyfunk?" inquired Rex, with a puzzled look.

"Hard-tack, soaked in water, with molasses and a dash o' ginger."

"Yes, you may bring me some."

At the regular "sick call" several of the crew came down from the deck to the bay. Some of them were already on the list, but their ailments not being of a kind to confine them to the bay, they were allowed to go about the ship, wearing the sick badge—a red Maltese cross on a white disk. The surgeon came. Taking the list of the day before, he made a rapid investigation of the cases on hand, continuing some, discharging some. Then he turned to the new cases. Rex's was first. He came to his cot.

"Pretty badly shook up?" he asked.

"I feel very sore, and my wrist is painful," Rex said.

The surgeon examined it, handling it tenderly, located the bruises, asked a few questions, gave a few directions, entered Rex's name and rate on "the list," and turned to the next case. There was nothing serious on hand, and he got through with all, and had left the bay in half an hour.

But scarcely twenty minutes had passed when he was called back again. One of the crew, a Dutchman, named Buchtel, was brought down with two of his toes mashed. The surgeon cut off the shoe and stocking, looked at the bloody, crushed flesh and bones, and signed to the bay men to bring some water and the small operating case.

"Vell, doctor," said the patient, laughing, "I guess I have lost mine toes."

"I guess you have," said the surgeon, coolly, as he took out a knife from the case.

"Vait a minute! Let me get mine pipe out."

He took out his pipe, lighted it, and puffed away without saying a word, while the surgeon performed the amputation, and bound up the foot. Rex turned away his head in horror. It was dreadful to think of living flesh being cut and blood running, so near him. To the bay men such occurrences were so common that they gave it no thought, but even they were impressed with the coolness of this patient.

The chaplain visited the bay in the course of the morning.

"You had quite a bad fall, I hear," he said to Rex, kindly; "it's fortunate you escaped without more serious injury."

Rex looked up at him gratefully.

"Yes," said the chaplain, thoughtfully, "I've known men to die from a slighter cause than yours. I remember a pay-master who was walking on the quarter-deck one day when they were hoisting a boat. He stood between the falls. The eye-bolt which held one of the leader blocks pulled out, and the pay-master was tripped up and sat down suddenly. He was pale when he rose, but he laughed, and no one suspected any injury. He went below shortly after, and lay down. The next day he died, of concussion of the brain."

Rex listened attentively. The chaplain lowered his tone and continued to speak to him, trying to show him how much reason he had for gratitude—and not without effect. Suddenly he changed the subject, and asked Rex how he liked the service thus far.

Rex replied that he liked it very well as a whole, but that it was very different from what he had expected.

"Most things are," the chaplain smilingly interjected.

"There's no chance for *play* for the boys," Rex said, frankly. "They don't allow 'skylarking' here as they used to on board the *Newburyport*. There's no fun permitted. I like to work, and to study, but it does seem hard that a boy can't have *any* sport. Not that I wish to complain, however," he added, deprecatingly. "They get up practical jokes sometimes, but I don't like that kind."

"I don't wonder you feel as you do," replied the chaplain, sympathetically; "but the truth is, the idea of *boys* on board a man-of-war is a fiction. Every boy occupies a man's place, is expected to do a man's work, and is punished precisely as men are punished."

Rex said that he began to realize that.

"Of course you feel the constraint of this sort of life?"

The lad admitted it.

"Nothing takes such complete control of a man as the military life," the chaplain said. "You are allowed to choose *nothing* for yourself. You cannot choose what you shall eat, what you shall drink, or wherewithal you shall be clothed. You cannot choose when to get up, or when to lie down, or how to spend your time. You cannot choose your physician when you are sick, nor your clergyman either," and he looked at Rex with a quizzing smile. "You cannot consult your own comfort or wish in any way. You are a machine, to obey orders. You must go aloft, or go below, or stay on deck, according as you are ordered. The freedom of life on shore is utterly unknown in the service. Of course there are compensations, but I need not speak of these; you will find many of them out for yourself. And—you mustn't be talked to too much just now," he said, rising.

He added a few more sympathetic words, designed for the lad's ears alone, and left the bay.

"Do they have chaplains on all the ships?" Rex asked one of the bay men.

"No, only on flag-ships, or ships of the largest size."

"But what do they do on the smaller vessels?"

"Do without. On English ships where there are no chaplains the captain generally reads the service."

"But are these captains Christian men?"

"Not necessarily—sometimes far from it. I've heard of a captain once who stopped in the middle of the litany, went to the fire-room and asked, with an unconscious oath, who was making that noise."

Rex looked up with a surprised expression.

"On a ship where I was once," said the apothecary, "the doctor used to read the burial service when any one died."

"Rather hard lines that," said Reddy, who had come in quietly—"furnish a corpse and then bury him!"

[*To be continued.*]

HEROIC DEEDS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

For years and years the boy had toiled,
And had sweet dreams, in truth,
Such as oft come to light the way,
And cheer the heart of youth;
Fame, wealth, and station would be his—
Ambition's greatest needs—
The world would ring with loud applause
At his heroic deeds.

His duties on the farm, he owned,
Were irksome and severe;
"I feel in bondage," said the lad,
"My true place is not here;
For he who has a love of art,
Of science, and of books
Not easily can turn his thoughts
To plows and pruning-hooks."

Ah! much too slowly went the days,
His mind had little peace,
So eagerly and anxiously
He longed for his release;
For all that had the power to please,
The excellence to charm,
Lay in the haven of his hopes,
And distant from the farm.

His father was a man in years,
But seldom had been ill;
His mother was a quiet dame
Of good housewifely skill;
And both looked proudly on their son,
Their comfort and their joy,
And often said, with tear-dimmed eyes,
"How much we'll miss our boy!"

One day the master of the house
Was stricken, hand and foot—
A lightning-stroke that stunned the oak
From lofty crown to root—
And at the blow, as if destroyed
By thundering shot and shell,
A thousand argosies went down,
A thousand castles fell.

The lad with calm dismay beheld
His happy hopes expire,
E'en while with loving tenderness,
He waited on his sire,
And kneeling by the old man's side
He nerved his voice to say,
"Dear father, give yourself no fear,
I shall not go away."

The father could not speak his thanks,
But to his eyes there stole
A grateful look—a ray of light
Transmitted from the soul;
And then, with love-illumined face,
The mother said, "'Tis best!"
Clasped her dear son within her arms,
And wept upon his breast.

Ah! tell of deeds of high emprise,
Of famous victories won,
Of daring hearts 'mid arctic snows,
Or 'neath a tropic sun;
Of chaplets woven for the brows
Of those approved by fame,
Who for their valor and their might
Have won an honored name.

His is the nobler, finer soul
That yields its own desires,
And speedily, at duty's call,
Puts out ambition's fires;
And though upon the roll of fame
His name no mortal reads,
In heaven he'll have a blest reward
For such heroic deeds.

LETTER FROM EUROPE.—No. IV.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

STREET NAMES—CALVIN'S HOUSE—HIS WORK—HIS RELICS—HIS DEATH—HIS GRAVE.

WE parted, in my last letter, at the front of Calvin's cathedral. There are other memorials of the old times in this neighborhood, especially streets whose ancient names are retained as curiosities and landmarks. At a short distance, on the decline of the hill, is the Madelene church, nearly a thousand years old, a shabby-looking structure which sadly needs "modernizing." Near by is the *Rue du Purgatoire*, the street of purgatory, which we have no inclination to follow; and there also is the *Rue d'Enfer*, the street to hell, which we will decidedly shun. Nearer is the *Rue* of the *Cloitres* (Cloisters), but the old cloisters have all disappeared with the old monks; not a monk is now to be seen in Geneva; we will not then go this way. Immediately on the left of the cathedral is the *Rue de l'Eveché*, the street of the bishop's residence, and not far away stands on it the old episcopal palace. The practical Genevese have long utilized it as a prison, and a substantial one it is, for it was built in those agitated times when the bishop was autocrat and needed to live in a sort of fortification for safety against the oppressed citizens. He was often imperiled by them, and many a brave fight came off here and all around the cathedral between them and his militant priests and canons. There were hosts of ecclesiastics here in those "good old times." When the Reformation began, and the population was only about 15,000, there were scores of regular ("secular") priests, thirty-two canons, and an army of monks and nuns in five "grand monasteries." Under Farel the democratic people voted the "abolition of the mass;" the bishop and his tonsured hosts took flight, and the city has never since tolerated a prelate. The late pope appointed one, but he was peremptorily ordered away, and thought it prudent to go.

From the front of the cathedral extends another and a goodly street, the *Rue des Chanoines*, the street of the canons; we choose this, for here we find another interesting memorial of Calvin—the house in which he lived and died. It is a large building, with two wings, and a high wall and portico on the street, inclosing thus an ample court-yard. I suppose Calvin occupied only apartments in it, after the fashion of the Swiss and French. It is now properly enough used as a city dispensary and "clinique" hospital for the poor. The Romanists quietly purchased it some years ago, and placed their sisters of charity in it, much to the surprise and mortification of good Protestants. But there came a time in which the city (largely sustained by Catholic votes) ordered away all such sisterhoods and kindred brotherhoods, and even interdicted the wearing of ecclesiastical costumes in the streets, except by travelers, and then for only forty-eight hours. The nuns had been found to be zealous proselyters, seeking Protestant orphan children to train them in a faith hostile to that of their fathers. As the city schools and charities are abundant, and Protestant philanthropic women and deaconesses also, the latter doing good service without ghostly costumes and proselyting tactics, the city resolutely prohibited both the costumes and the tactics, and the Catholic sisters retired in disgust across the neighboring French boundary.

Here Calvin spent most of his Genevan life, of twenty-eight years, and here he died—one of the two foremost men of Europe in that age. What a life he led here! He was always ill, "with five or six diseases," says a Genevan writer, "the least of which would have disabled an ordinary man; but he, small, attenuated, shattered, kept his head erect." He preached or lectured every day, training more than a hundred young students, and seven or eight hundred young evangelists, mostly French, directing the academy and the consistory, and editing their consultations. He wrote more than a hundred religious treatises, and conducted a correspondence which em-

braced all Europe. At his voice nearly two thousand churches arose in France. He made Geneva a pharos for the world, and a safe asylum for persecuted Protestants of all Europe. Nearly fifteen hundred French and three hundred Italian refugee families settled there in the century in which he was its greatest citizen and virtual ruler. More than thirty presses, with two thousand workmen, were busy here in printing his works, Bibles, and other publications, and translations, mostly devoted to the Reformation. He slept little; dictated much of the night; was at work at five o'clock in the morning; ate but one meal a day; and spent but fifteen minutes in daily exercise. When fifty years old he appeared to be seventy, and he died when only fifty-five; but with Luther he had shaken all the nations of Europe, and had given impulse to all the best coming destinies of the globe.

On the second of February, 1564, he delivered his last lecture and on the next Sunday his last sermon. He suffered severe pains, exclaiming, "Lord, how long?" He wrote to Farel, who was at Neufchâtel, "Adieu, good and devoted brother. There remains to me the consolation of living and dying in Christ, who never fails to his own, in life or death." Farel, though very old, hastened to him. The pastors and city authorities gathered at his house for his last counsels. "My brethren," he said, "I see you for the last time," and in the evening of the twenty-seventh of May he died without pain. "Behold," wrote Beza, who was present, "at the same instant the sun went down and the greatest light in the Church went out." It was a scene for an artist, and one of the best painters of Switzerland, Hornung, has thrown it upon a canvas which may be seen in the city art museum, and which represents the dying reformer, bolstered up in his bed, with the open Bible before him, and the venerable reformers and magistrates around him, listening eagerly to his last words. Most of the faces are from accurate old portraits.

But we must hasten on. In a few minutes we reach the university, in the park of the Bastion, a simple but imposing structure, which sprang from Calvin's college and academy. It is in fact the latter with another name. Its central building is devoted to lectures. One wing contains the museum of natural history, the other the library and archæological museum. In the latter wing are abundant mementos of the reformer. His most precious relics, his manuscripts, are here—no less than 394 of his autograph letters, many of them hardly legible, but accompanied by transcripts; 44 volumes of his manuscript sermons dating from 1549 to 1560; 12 volumes of letters received by him from important men of the times. Here too are the manuscript letters of Beza and other reformers. I suppose there is no richer collection of the kind in the world. They include important documents respecting the Council of Basel. Here too are abundant portraits of men and women of the Reformation period—three of Calvin, besides a bust; three of Beza; two of Farel; one of Viret.

Nearly all the other great characters of the Reformation are represented on these walls. Luther (by two portraits), Melanchthon, Knox (by two), Bullinger, Zwingle, the three Colignies, the Duke of Rohan, Agrippa d'Aubigné, Erasmus, Gustavus Adolphus, Henry IV. of France, Marot (the poet), Sir Thomas Moore, Wiclif, Ziska, Huss, Jerome of Prague, and many others, including some women—the Duchess of Rohan (a beautiful face), Jeanne d'Albret, Luther's good Catherine, etc. Portraits of the subsequent great divines and writers of Protestantism are also abundant, the Diodatis, Drelincourt, Grotius, four of the Turretinis, even old Rabelais is here; and an engraving of Servetus, Calvin's martyr. An English writer says it bears the inscription "Burnt for the honor and glory of God," but it has no such inscription. You may wander for hours among these and other precious relics, especially the innumerable manuscripts and early printed books, the former in Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldean, Syriac, Persian, Armenian, Sanskrit, Cingalese, Chinese, as well as Greek, Latin, etc., from the sixth century down to the sixteenth. Here is the manuscript Vulgate Bible of the ninth century, used in the cathedral, and still on its old *lutrin*, or desk; Jerome's version of the four gospels, of the eighth century; Augustine's sermons on papyrus, of the sixth century, etc., etc.

As for autographs and modern originals (manuscripts) there is no end to them; whole books of Rousseau, in his own fine penmanship, letters of distinguished men, of Franklin, Washington, Napoleon, Byron, of kings, artists, famous women, etc.

But we cannot delay here, the temptation to digress is too strong; and though you allow me the usual epistolary license, I am trying hard to "stick to the point"—the mementos of Calvin. A walk of ten minutes brings us to the grave of the reformer, or his supposed grave, for, as I have said, he forbade any monument over his dust. But tradition could hardly fail to preserve the memory of the resting-place of such a man; and the authorities have placed on the spot a dark marble block, not half a square foot in size, bearing the inscription of his initials, "J. C." What more needs such a man? What he could have here would be for us, not for him. What need have such men of any monument? The best records of modern history for more than three hundred years are his epitaph. An evergreen tree shades the spot, and a small bench invites the visitor to sit and meditate. What shall we say here? Nothing. Silence befits the place, but our thoughts range over centuries, and over the nations of Christendom, reminding us of the achievements of the comparatively short life which ended in the dust beneath us. There are great tombs around us—of Sir Humphry Davy, De Candolle, and scores of other notable men—but none more interesting to the hundreds of pilgrims who, generation after generation, come hither than this little stone with its two speaking letters—the sufficient memorial of one of the greatest though one of the most erring of men.

On our way homeward we made a detour to the south-westward suburb, the memorial plateau of Champel, commanding some of the most beautiful prospects of the mountains and the valley of the Rhone. It is dotted with villas and flower gardens, and was now tranquil and radiant in the noon sunlight; but, alas, how painfully suggestive about the old times and the great reformer! for it was the place of public executions, and here Calvin's famous victim, Servetus, was burned—a deed of irredeemable dishonor to his memory. After all the good things I have said of him, my record would be untruthful were this blemish not mentioned. Much can be said on the subject, for and against him; late researches have settled the question of his responsibility for it, but I must reserve the sad story for another letter.

THE TRUE LIFE.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,
Yet not for power (power cometh of herself
Uncalled for); but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear,
And because right is right, to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

—*Tennyson.*

"MUNSEY."

BY CHARLES ELLIOTT.

It had been a terrible storm, lasting for three days. The little port of Sailor's Bay had seldom known such a gale. The sea beyond the bar was so furious that the great waves came rolling and dashing even over the light-house, and, pouring into the harbor, threatened to destroy every schooner which had put in there for safety. On the morning of the third day the fishermen and their wives saw far to the westward a ship struggling in the heavy sea, and rapidly approaching the Windward Rocks. Suddenly there was a shout from the men stationed on the lookout point.

"No time to be lost! If the life-boat is not ready in five minutes not a man on that ship can be saved. She's nearing Iron Head, and if she strikes that she'll go down like a shot!"

In great excitement the boat was launched, and soon was rising and falling with the waves, and now slowly creeping toward the westward, pulled by the strong arms of the most fearless sailors of the port. Jim Bethel had the tiller. He knew his work well, and guided the boat through the terrible sea straight on toward the fated ship. Before the distance was half gone over, the ship struck the great peak of the Iron Head, and with a backward bound went plunging below the angry sea. In a few minutes the sailors had rescued four of the men from the waves. All the rest of the crew had disappeared. With the same steady strokes, the life-boat was pulled toward the shore; soon it was welcomed by the crowd of watchers, and finally brought to land, where the half-drowned men were cared for.

One of these men Jim Bethel had himself rescued from the sea, and he would allow no one but himself and his boy, Munsey, to now take charge of him. They carried him to their poor hut and used all their powers to restore him to life. He was a young man with a round face. Great masses of dark hair swept across his forehead, just as it had been washed by the waves. For a long time he did not open his eyes, and it was not till Jim had forced some stimulant between his teeth that there was any sign of life. At length he stirred, awoke, and called, wildly,

"Bear up, my boys, we may escape it yet."

Seeing Jim he said,

"But you are a black man, my men are not black," then his head dropped, and he was again unconscious.

Yes, Jim was black; so were all the natives at Sailor's Bay. There were but few white people on the island, but the ship-wrecked sailors could not have fallen into the hands of kinder men than these very fishermen. For an hour Munsey watched by the bedside. Suddenly the man opened his eyes, and, looking kindly at him, said,

"Where am I? Has my ship gone down? Am I the only one left!"

Munsey told him all in a few words. Then he said,

"We left New York three weeks ago. The ship was *The Arrow*. I was its captain—"

But he could say no more; overcome by the sense of his loss, he turned his face to the wall, and Munsey saw the big tears rolling down his cheeks. . . .

It was long before Robert Burleigh, the captain of *The Arrow*, was able to speak to Munsey again. The terrible experience of the storm nearly cost him his life. For many days he lay in a sort of swoon. The one doctor of the port came often to see him, but he could not keep from him the fever—"the island fever," the natives called it—and for a whole month he was as weak and helpless as a child. At length he was able to sit up, then to walk a few steps to the beach, where he would sit for hours watching the breakers rolling up on the shore. During all these days Munsey was his faithful nurse. Munsey had found something which made his life seem all brightness—he had found a friend, because he had proved himself to be one. Robert Burleigh liked boys, and just because Munsey was black he appreciated the more his kindness and care. In all their hours together he talked much with Munsey, and taught him many things. Best of all, he gave him hope, telling him to work on bravely at his studies, to gain all that was to be gained where he was on the island, and to wait, trusting till God should direct him elsewhere. Munsey had an old boat, and every afternoon he gave the captain a row in the harbor; sometimes they went to little bays and coves where they gathered ferns and mosses and strange sea-shells. Often they would wait till the moon rose and then come slowly home, when the harbor was dark and the lights of the port twinkling. Munsey would stand in the stern of the boat, sculling it along, while the captain would tell him stories of his life, and sometimes sang a song for him, until the people of the town used to listen for the music.

They called the captain "Munsey's captain," and so he was, and much more, he was Munsey's real and true friend. On one of these nights, late in the spring, when the captain was quite recovered, and in bright spirits over the expected arrival of the ship from Cuba which should take him back to New York, and when Munsey was in the saddest spirits over the coming parting, he said,

"Munsey, do you know what a secret is?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and what's more I can keep one."

"Can you? That's more than I can, for I am going to give you this one of mine. When I left New York so long ago, I left somebody there who will be my wife one of these days. She gave me her promise for that, and now you have helped to save my life, and to give me back to her, I want to leave something with you that will always speak of us both. To-morrow we will buy that large sail-boat we saw at the ship carpenter's; you know you said it was the nicest boat ever made on the island. We will have my Marian's name painted on it, and it shall be yours."

Two days later the Cuba steamer touched at Sailor's Bay, and anchored outside the bar. Among the fleet of small boats that went out to meet her was the new boat *Marian*, snow-white, with band of blue, and with snow-white sail.

What a day that was for Munsey! The busy preparations for the captain's departure gave him no time to separate the new joy of his boat from the sorrow of the parting so near at hand. But the day at last ended. At sunset a gun boomed over the water, there was the excitement of the embarking, and soon the steamer was on her way north with Captain Burleigh.

Long after the island boats returned to shore, the *Marian* drifted with the tide, while Munsey, almost broken-hearted, watched the receding ship till her floating line of smoke was lost in the shadow of the night.

All the days were lonely days for Munsey after the captain sailed away. He had his boat to console him, but his thoughts were ever turning toward the north. The people of the island daily saw the old boat and the new boat, *Marian*, beyond the harbor bar. There Munsey and his father were fishing in all sorts of weather. During the summer there was little time for study, but when autumn came Munsey again took up his books, and, spurred on by the memory of the captain's words, he made sure and rapid progress in all he undertook. And his life seemed no longer lonely—it had a meaning, he was working for a purpose; some day he should see his friend again, and he was determined that he would then be more worthy of his friendship. One day the old school-master gave him for copy these words. Munsey wrote them in large letters, and put them in his hut close by his bed:

"True friends never say good-bye for the last time."

If he ever had a hard day these words at night helped him to say his prayer in hope and to sleep in peace. The year passed, and a year in the life of such a boy as Munsey made many changes. He grew taller and stronger and more brave for all the things he knew to be best. Not a boy on the island had more friends. Jim Bethel had, during the year, taken a piece of land at the eastward, and from the care of its field of pineapples he and Munsey hoped to realize a nice little sum. But the rainy season was very long, the crop was utterly ruined, and, failing to make the payment, Jim lost control of the land, and again they were obliged to depend entirely upon their fishing for their scanty living. Regularly through the season the boat from New York had come to Sailor's Bay, but no tidings had ever reached Munsey of his friend. Late in autumn, one day, after the steamer had just passed on its way to Cuba, Munsey was at the old school-master's. There he saw a New York paper, and, looking over the page of shipping news, he read these words:

"Captain Burleigh, lately in command of the *Clyde*, of the London line of ships, is lying dangerously ill at his home on —— Avenue."

Munsey flew to his father, and almost beside himself with excitement repeated the sad news, and said, "I must go to New York. I can go now, father, for I'm almost a man. O, I must go to my captain! I know I can help save his life just as I did before. I'm sure he is waiting for me, and he knows I will come to him too!"

But how could Munsey go? He had no money, the earnings of both father and boy had melted away. He tried to find news of some ship or schooner sailing north with fruit, hoping he could go and serve as deck-hand or cook's boy, but there seemed no way opened or chance for him to cross the great ocean. But one day, when alone, this thought came to him: "In less than a week the same steamer that took away Captain Burleigh will touch here again. If only I had the money I could go as passenger on her and reach New York all the sooner. O, I know—I know what I will do—I will sell my boat. My captain will tell me I did right."

Munsey had little trouble in finding a purchaser. The English justice on the island had long before asked him to sell the *Marian*. Soon the money was in Munsey's pocket. Not a tear did he shed when he gave up what was so very dear to him, for his heart was at the north. He gathered his few things in his box, and when the steamer returned from Cuba, Jim rowed him out to her in the old boat which they had never given up, and soon Munsey was on his way to New York.

Before the voyage was over Munsey began to find out the meaning of those words "cold weather." His clothing was all too thin and poor, and ere he reached New York it seemed to him that he should be frozen. But he kept up a brave heart, sure that all would come out right somehow. The steamer was delayed by storms and fogs, but she reached her destination. Then, indeed, for awhile Munsey's courage left him. Such utter loneliness the poor boy felt among all the crowds of strange people, but he found a cheap lodging place near the steamer's pier. With a part of the boat's money he bought a second-hand coat and shoes. Then began his search for the captain. He found the street, but no one could direct him to his friend. Day after day he wandered about, often meeting with unkindest treatment from people whom he trusted would speak words of help or cheer. His little store of money was fast getting away, although he lived on the cheapest and simplest fare. One afternoon, a week after his search began, he was passing through —— Avenue, and as he stopped at a corner a carriage drove up and also stopped. The door opened, a gentleman stepped out, and, turning to go into the residence near by, gave a hurried order to the coachman, "Return immediately to Captain Burleigh's, No. 11." This was the clew Munsey had so long searched for. In a few minutes he was pulling the bell at No. 11. The ring was answered by the hall boy, who eyed him suspiciously, and ordered him away. He tried to explain who he was and what he wanted, but the boy only answered, "O yes, I know you," then banged the door before him. Munsey watched the house until dusk, when he saw the boy go away. He tried again, but a pompous servant ordered him off, threatening to call the police.

Do you think Munsey sat down and cried? Not he. The next morning early he was at the place again, but he was wiser this time. He went below, rang the basement bell, and begged for any chance to blacken shoes, to run errands, or to do any thing needed in service. It happened—only nothing ever blindly "happens" in this world; it came to pass—that a boy was needed in the house, and Munsey slept that night under the very roof that sheltered his friend and master. It was long before Munsey proved by his truth and honesty, his willingness and unselfishness, to be worth any higher service than that of the kitchen or scullery, but the day came when the impudent hall boy marched out and Munsey took his place. After that he was allowed to do errands, and so was brought nearer and nearer to the sick man. With what faithfulness the boy served! At last he stood in the sick-room, and unknown to the man he almost worshiped he looked upon his pale and worn face as it lay among the pillows; unknown to him he served him with all the love of a boy's heart in that service.

He came finally to be the night nurse, and once in the captain's delirium he heard his own name spoken. Then for the first and only time his gratitude and love had vent in tears. God was too good, it seemed to him.

Captain Burleigh did not die. When his mind returned to him he found Munsey in his old place by his bed-side, and then learned of all his faithfulness and love, and Robert Burleigh's wife kissed the black boy's face while her own was wet with tears.

So the boat *Marian* helped to join the two friends. Munsey never altogether left the captain. His father was sent for, and a home was provided for him at the north. Munsey was educated, and to-day is one of God's quiet workers in the world.

ABOUT THE HEARTH.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door.
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

. . . . . .

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

—*From Snow Bound, by J. G. Whittier.*

WAH LEE.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

THE first time I saw Wah Lee was when his father sent him home with my washing. He lived with his father and half a dozen other Chinamen in a tumble-down old log-cabin in a western mining-camp.

Wah Lee was the only Chinese boy in the camp. There were but few American boys there, and Wah Lee was very shy of them. They had a disagreeable habit of twisting the little Chinaman's cue, and taking other embarrassing liberties which Wah Lee resented with wry faces, and a "jabbering" in Chinese that greatly increased the happiness of his tormenters.

Wah Lee's father, Chin Lee, did my washing, and Wah Lee came for my clothes and brought them home after his little brown-faced, almond-eyed father had put them through his tubs, squirted water on them between his yellow teeth, and starched and ironed them until they were crisp and glossy.

Wah Lee always wore what he called his "Sunny clo'es" when he came to my rooms. I presume he meant his Sunday clothes, but his version of English was for a long time so imperfect that I could not understand half he said. When he could speak plainer I liked to talk with him, and often detained him in my room for an hour, showing him various things and enjoying his evident pleasure at being the recipient of so much attention.

He one day informed me very frankly that I was a "velly nice Melican man," and that he "likee me velly much," a compliment that gave me no small degree of pleasure. I am always glad when children say that they like me.

I one day asked Wah Lee if he liked American boys. He frowned angrily, and replied,

"No, no! Me no likee Melican boy. He bad. He too velly much bad! He pull what he call Chiny boy's 'pig tailee.' He worse bad thing in all Meliky! Yah! yah!"

Great disgust manifested itself on Wah Lee's little brown face, and with the last angry expletives he spit on the floor and affected serious trouble with his stomach.

I walked home with Wah Lee one Monday morning, and the dirt and squalor of his father's little cabin exceeded any thing I had ever seen before.

There was no floor in the little room, which was about ten by twelve feet in size. Two bunks, one above the other, made of pine boards, were against one wall, and before them hung a limp and dirty curtain of red calico.

A small and rusty stove stood in the center of the room, with the pipe sticking out of the one small window in the side of the cabin. The order of the establishment made me long for another unobstructed window. Two wash-tubs were on a rough bench in a corner, and a pine table stood against one wall. This was the ironing and dining table, and one of the Chinamen slept on it at night. A few tin cups and plates were on a shelf; a green chest, piled high with unwashed garments, stood in a corner. There was nothing else in the room excepting three or four empty soap-boxes, which served as chairs. I sat on one of these while I glanced around the smoke-begrimed, cheerless place.

Something hung on a nail driven into the cabin door. It *looked* very much like a round of beefsteak. Chin Lee's hat also hung on the nail. I looked at the suspended object again. It *was* a round of beefsteak. I did not stay for dinner. I even refused, politely but decidedly, a cup of the rank tea boiling on the rusty stove. I am real fond of tea, too, but had my own private reasons for not drinking that offered me by Chin Lee. Then the hospitable little man went to the green chest, swept all the dirty clothes off on the floor, lifted the lid of the chest, and, with quite an American leer, brought forth a small stone jug.

"You templance man?" he asked, holding the jug up before me.

"I am," I said, firmly.

"Then jug go back in chest," said Chin Lee, briefly; and back it went.

I had always felt sorry for lonely little Wah Lee, and I felt sorrier than ever after my visit to his wretched home.

I had him come up to my rooms quite often, and was able to do something toward making those "bad Melican boys" treat him with greater kindness.

I took him to Denver one day and had his picture taken. That was a happy day for Wah Lee. I bought him fruit and candy and nuts, and discovered, at no light cost, that a Chinese boy's capacity for disposing of such edibles is fully equal to that of the youthful American gormand.

I had really planned taking Wah Lee east with me for a short visit, as I was going to Chicago on business, and intended spending a day with my own family. I had a little boy about Wah Lee's age who had never seen a real live Chinaman, and he had begged me to bring Wah Lee to see him.

But when I walked down to Chin Lee's little cabin one June evening I found him alone.

"Where is Wah Lee?" I asked.

"Gone back to China," and Chin Lee looked very solemn.

"To *China!*" I exclaimed.

"Less (yes). My brother he gone las' Sat'day. Took Wah Lee 'long. Meliky bad place for lill China boy. He go to his mother. Me go too, some day when get whole bag money."

I think myself that "Meliky" is rather a bad place for little China boys. They are not likely to be very happy here. I was glad Wah Lee had gone to his mother, but I was really sorry to feel that I should never see my little Chinaman again.

BLIND TO COLORS.

THERE has been much opposition among railway men to the new law compelling examinations for color-blindness. But if there are many such cases as the following, the law will easily vindicate itself in the minds of the traveling public. The Cleveland "Leader" reports the incident:

The patient is an employee of the railway company. He is a man about forty years old, and is a fireman. Mr. King made three tests in his case. First, colored glass globes were placed over a gas jet, and the man, at a distance of twenty feet away, asked to tell their colors. He named the red globe correctly when it was first used, but on a second trial declared it to be green. Then railway signal-flags of different colors were waved before him. He called the red flag green, the green flag red, and when two flags, both red, but of different shades, were waved, the fireman insisted that they were green. Red and green flags held up together he declared to be green. The next test was made with a small rack in which hung zephyr worsted of different colors. The standard color of green was pointed out to the man and he was asked to select the worsted in the rack of the same color. He immediately picked out bright red, old gold, and light brown bunches. The unfortunate fireman had to be discharged. Mr. King said to a "Leader" reporter that he had examined a very large number of men for color-blindness, and that about four men in every one hundred are defective in their eye-sight in this respect. But very few people are as color-blind as the firemen, he said. He said that women were seldom found color-blind, as they constantly trained their eyes in selecting colors in ribbons and dry goods, and in discriminating between delicate shades and tints. In answer to a question by the reporter, Mr. King kindly explained: "The theory of the cause of color-blindness is that parts of the retina of the eye respond each to different colors. When any of these parts are deficient, absent, or undeveloped, the person cannot see the color that it belongs to, leaving some other responsive part to act."

JAPANESE FISHING.

A RECENT traveler in Japan tells a fish story which differs from the ordinary variety, principally in the size of the fish concerned:

Our party of Americans and Englishmen had been charmed away from the city by a delightful summer resort among the hills. One day they asked us if we wouldn't like to go fishing. We were enthusiastic followers of the gentle English patriarch Izaak Walton, and we eagerly assented. Our Japanese friends promised to furnish tackle, bait, and boat. The lake was near at hand, and we were soon afloat. Our guide anchored us about twenty feet from the shore, and distributed the tackle. The rods were of reeds about a yard long, furnished with double that length of line, which was tipped with a tiny hook that did not appear half so effective as the bent pin of our earliest fishing experiences. With baited hooks we tossed our lines into the water and waited for sport. The fish were abundant and bit well. But they were only minnows—little fish like the shiners which we use for bait in America. It was such a ridiculous sight to see six full-grown men fishing for shiners that we could not help laughing, although our laughter was evidently a puzzle to our guide, who thought the fishing excellent.

WET RECREATION.

PEOPLE who will sit on the bank of a stream in the rain all day waiting in vain for a bite could hardly be induced to allow themselves to be used as targets by a fire-engine. But the English papers describe a contest which would seem hardly less disagreeable:

An innovation, likely to become popular in the heat of the summer, but hardly pleasant in this chilly weather, was introduced into the athletic sports of the 92d Gordon Highlanders last week at Devonport. It consisted of a fire-engine tournament between officers' teams of the Highlanders and the 60th Rifles, joint occupants of the Raglan Barracks. Engines filled with water were placed at the far end of the parade—about a quarter of a mile. Each hose was connected, and the teams pumped the water on each other. The Highlanders were declared winners by the umpire, General Lyons, their engine being emptied the soonest. The commanding officers of both regiments took part in the contest, manning the pumps. Each man was drenched to the skin before it was finished.

THE ROAD TO FAVOR.

SCOTT'S novel of "Kenilworth" has made every one familiar with young Walter Raleigh's courtesy in casting his cloak on the ground before Queen Elizabeth to save her majesty's foot from the mire. That act was Raleigh's introduction to the royal favor, and we are instantly reminded of Sir Walter's presence of mind by the following less romantic anecdote:

A pretty little story is told of the way Herr Cohn, the private banker of the emperor of Germany, gained the imperial favor. Years ago, when the present empress was still a princess of Prussia, she made a railway journey to Dessau. On the way her feet got cold, so she sent out an attendant at the next station to procure a flask of hot water.

Unfortunately the cook at the railway restaurant had just used up every drop of hot water in making fresh coffee for those who had just arrived on the train. The restaurateur was in despair, when one of the guests suddenly got up, seized the pot of fresh coffee, and poured it into the imperial flask. The attendant hastened away with it, but soon returned, as the empress wished to know the name of the man who had had the happy thought of utilizing the coffee. And she did not forget him.

SAVED BY HIS OXEN.

THE ox with his slow, swinging gait would appear a vain thing for safety, but a certain Maine farmer has to thank his oxen for his life. The Lewiston "Journal" tells how it came about:

The farmers in the vicinity of Newry do not try to keep many sheep. One of them went up on the mountain with a yoke of oxen to haul out some timber not long ago. A very large and hungry bear appeared on the scene and rushed at the cattle with mouth open and eyes full of fury. The oxen snorted and started on a wild gallop down the steep mountain. The farmer's judgment was as good as his cattle's. He had nothing with which to defend himself, and he had to think lively to devise a way to escape. He did an amusing but brilliant thing. Running between the oxen he caught hold of the ring in the yoke and dangled there till the oxen had carried him to the foot of the mountain and out of the reach of the bear. The old growler jumped and snarled around the oxen's flanks and tore their hides, but could not reach the man between them hanging on for dear life.

INVENTIONS BY BOYS.

THE gentleman who asked a crowd of youngsters what boys were good for, and received as a reply, "We're the stuff they make men of," will find still another answer to his question in the following paragraph from the "Boston Budget:"

The invention of the valve motion to a steam-engine was made by a mere boy. Newcomen's engine was in a very incomplete condition from the fact that there was no way to open and close the valve except by means of levers operated by hand. He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy (Humphrey Potter) was hired to work these valve levers. Although this is not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working the engine he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open and close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve lever, and the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of his invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in practical form and made the steam-engine an automatic working machine.

The power-loom is the invention of a farmer's boy, who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He whittled out one with his jack-knife, and after he had it all done with great enthusiasm he showed it to his father, who at once knocked it to pieces, saying that he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw that he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms and the boy received half the profits.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring home with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power-loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year before. Our Patent Office shows many useful and ingenious inventions made by boys.

PRAIRIE DOGS IN CENTRAL PARK.

A COLONY of prairie dogs has been planted, so to speak, in Central Park, and is attracting much notice. The "Tribune" describes the way in which the new settlers went to work to prepare their new dwelling-place:

When the dogs were turned into the inclosure they frisked about the space a few moments in evident surprise. Then they gathered in a knot for consultation, in which one fat old patriarch seemed to assume the leadership. They grasped the situation and determined to make the best of it. The old dog, followed by six other stout dogs, selected a central spot in the inclosure and began to dig with his forepaws until in a minute or two his head was out of sight. He then stepped aside and gravely sat on his haunches while another dog began digging in the hole thus started. The remaining five dogs stood in a row behind the one that was digging while the unoccupied dogs kept together a short distance away. As the dirt was thrown up from the hole the dog that was next to the one digging gathered it in his paws and threw it back farther to those behind. In a short time the first dog was out of sight. He then stopped and took his position last in the row and the next one began digging. The foreman continued to watch the operations quietly or to inspect the progress of the work at short intervals. It did not take long before the whole six were down into the ground. Then the workmen were re-enforced by another detachment, until finally the forty dogs had disappeared, with the exception of the old one who stood outside. Presently there was a movement of the earth at a distance of fifteen feet. A dog's head appeared and the subterranean workmen all filed out of the gallery which they had made.

The dogs seemed highly pleased with the result of their work, and after the foreman of the work had inspected the tunnel several times, the colony then divided into groups, each group selecting a spot and going to work to burrow on its own account. Five of them with the old dog continued to work at the first burrow. During the afternoon each of the groups made its own home under-ground, and they all went to rest in these holes at night. Yesterday they were busy rounding out their halls and carrying in large quantities of grass, which were given them to line the passages. Crowds of visitors watch the busy workers. The animals are slightly smaller than the woodchuck. They live sociably together and never appear to quarrel. Occasionally they utter a low, sharp yelp. It is said that on the prairies owls and rattlesnakes often make quarters in their burrows.

"They are intelligent, interesting little creatures, and quite harmless," said Dr. Conklin. "That old gray fellow seems to be a kind of leader among them. The first hole that they dug, in which he lives, is the largest, and seems to be a sort of city hall where they all assemble at times. The holes probably go down about fifteen feet, where they are stopped by the concrete. The dogs will live out here comfortably all winter. Their holes will be snug and warm, and they are not troubled with malaria."

A GREAT INVENTION.

THE immense factories and busy cities which cluster along the rivers of New England, as well as the sooty towns of Old England, owe their existence to the invention of a little device by James Hargreaves a century and a quarter ago. The inventor is said to have first caught the idea of the machine from the way in which his wife's spinning-wheel continued to run after being over-turned by one of the children. Upon this idea he pondered and worked until he solved the problem. An exchange tells how the invention came by its curious name:

Suddenly Hargreaves dropped upon his knees, and made lines and circles upon the stone floor with the end of a burnt stick. He rose and went to the fire to char his stick. Then he sat upon a chair and placed his head between his hands, elbows on his knees, and gazing intently at the floor. Then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife, by a loud assurance that "he had it;" and taking her in his sturdy arms in the blanket, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out of bed and held her over the black drawings on the floor. These he explained, and she joined a small, hopeful laugh with his high-toned assurance that she should never again toil at the spinning-wheel; that he should never again have his loom standing for want of yarn.

"Our fortune is made when that is made," said he, speaking of his drawings on the floor.

"What will you call it?" asked his wife.

"Call it? What and we call it after thysen, Jenny? They called thee 'Spinning Jenny' afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanchill moor at the wheel. What if we call it 'Spinning Jenny?'"

The Spinning Jenny could spin twelve threads instead of one, as by hand spinning.

The populace broke the machine to pieces and poor Hargreaves's heart at the same time.

Richard Arkwright, a barber, caught the idea of Hargreaves, improved upon it, realized half a million sterling, and became Sir Richard Arkwright, whose son, in 1843, died the richest commoner in England.

OLD DOMINION COURTESY.

THERE is a great deal that is amusing to us in the old-fashioned forms and ceremonies of polite society a hundred years ago, but it would be well if we had more of this the courteous spirit manifested in those good old days. Here are some customs alluded to by the "Boston Journal:"

Queer vestiges of old-time etiquette still linger in Virginia. It used to be, and in a measure is still, considered the height of rudeness for one person in driving to pass another on the road. As a result, the slowest coach on the road could keep all the others behind it; time and distance were relatively of no importance. Even now the people apologize when they pass each other on the road. It has also been alleged that a really high-bred Virginian never so far forgets etiquette as to inquire of a stranger where he is from, because the stranger might be forced to acknowledge that he is from some other State than Virginia, and it is only charity to spare him this mortifying admission. It is a hotly disputed point, and has been for the last two hundred years, whether a guest spending the night with his host should make the move to go to bed or whether the host should.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *to one address; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

IF every body went to church and Sunday-school, a little school at home besides for Bible study would be in order. Church and Sunday-school would be worth more because of the Home Bible School. The lessons would be better prepared in advance, better recited at the time, better remembered afterward. Home would be better because of this fireside class—this sitting-room Sunday-school. Church and Sunday-school would both be worth more to every body.

BUT then every body does not go to church and Sunday-school, and to him who does not go, the school at home becomes invaluable. He will be more likely to go. And he will get some good—great good—until he does go. He will get a taste at home of the precious things they have in the sanctuary. Sometimes people who want to go cannot. Distance hinders. Children hinder. Weather hinders. Illness hinders. To those people the stay-at-home school is a blessing. It passes the time away swiftly and pleasantly. It takes people "out of themselves." It prevents gloominess and melancholia. It brings good company into the house—prophets and apostles, kings and angels, and the CHRIST himself. It opens great windows that give far-reaching perspectives. A Sunday-school at home is a great thing for a home. Let us have a country full of such schools.

THERE are neighborhoods so far removed from church and Sunday-school privileges that unless the blessings of Bible study and religious worship are brought to them they will never be reached. It is a long way to town or to the country church or school-house. Parents are indifferent. Neglect falls into habit. Children grow up utterly ignorant of law and gospel. In such neighborhoods as these there must be Home Sunday-schools. Somebody must open parlor, sitting-room, or kitchen, and invite the neighbors in. The lesson-leaves may be ordered, the Bibles brought, a few songs learned, the lesson for the day studied, and papers and books distributed. Think of the neighborhood home schools that might be organized and the amount of work that might be done. Think of the new element put into every-day life by that school—the consciences quickened, the interest in divine things awakened, the better literature distributed, and the best religious work carried on.

THE habit of taking an hour at home for personal Bible study, whether one goes to the places of public gathering or not, is of inestimable value in the fact that it encourages Bible reading apart from the usual church surroundings. In seeming a little less publicly religious it becomes a little more personally religious. We are so much inclined to make religious observances a thing of places and times and congregations, that to break loose now and then from the regular order—or rather to break into the regular order with personal service of thought and prayer—will make religion more real. A Bible reading with song and prayer at home on a Sunday afternoon, alone, or, better still, with friends and kindred, and still better if there are children to be enlisted, will be a service of home dedication and a sacred feast where the blessings of the kingdom of heaven shall be enjoyed.

THE best fruits of this domestic service will be gathered by the family as such. We are not reverent and religious enough as families. The responsibility of parents for home instruction is in danger of being transferred to outside and public institutions. "Workers" with limp covered Bibles who go to conventions and talk in meetings do good work in their way. Some of them are very useful. But they cannot do mother's work and father's work. And we don't want them to attempt it until we have exhausted every effort to induce father and mother to discharge their own duties. Home has its own legitimate line of labor. Nowhere else can we expect that labor to be efficiently performed. Only when it is neglected is there any justification for its attempted discharge by others. This Home Sunday-school idea will tend to put into the hearts of parents a sense of their responsibility to give their hands practice and deftness in doing the duty God requires from them.

W. A. DUNCAN, Esq., of Syracuse, N. Y., an efficient educator, a Congregational layman, Sunday-school Secretary for his Church in the State of New York, and our valued associate in Chautauqua work, has recently developed this Home School idea in several articles, tracts, and addresses. We join hands with our beloved Congregational brother in this new endeavor after more systematic work by the family and by the neighborhood in the teaching and study of God's word. We publish in full Mr. Duncan's "Sunday-School Leaflet, No. 6," on "Home Sunday-School Classes." He says:

"There are now in the State of New York 800,000 children not under any religious influences. Very great effort is made to reach the people dwelling in cities and villages, but as yet there has been no organized effort to reach the thousands of children to be found upon farms and in out-of-the-way places. Many Christian people live as if they thought that Christ's work must be confined to the church building, forgetting that, in part, each Christian is responsible for the religious condition of the neighborhood in which he lives.

"One method of reaching these children has been by the organization of neighborhood schools, but in many sections there are not children enough to make a school. In such localities, and wherever possible, it is proposed to organize Sunday-school classes, either at the home of the teacher or in any place where the children can meet together. These classes are to be recognized as members of the church school to which the teacher may belong, and the class record is to be entered upon the books of the school.

"The class books, lesson papers, singing books, and Bibles are to be furnished by the parent school; the hour of service one that will be most convenient for the teacher; the scholars to be urged to attend the church services and school as often as convenient, and to be invited to take part in all its entertainments. The exercises of the class should be of such a character as would best interest the scholars, and lead them to Christ and the Christian Church.

"Such work as this will help develop the working forces of

the Church of Christ in places where it is now idle; it will increase the efficiency of Christian men and women, and be obeying the divine command, 'Go out into the high-ways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled;' and lastly, it will do much to stem the tide of Sabbath desecration that is now flooding the land."

A PROPOSED work may seem to be good, practicable, and necessary, and yet be neglected. Every body assents to the statement setting forth its importance. In public it receives clamorous approval and unanimous adoption; in private it is bepraised without limit. But that is the end. It is born. A monument is erected to commemorate its value. Scarcely has the ring of the hammer that put the top-stone in place died away before the "enterprise" itself creeps into a crypt and is at rest. To think, to admire, to praise—to forget. This is not the normal mode. It is like knowing and not doing, like *saying* "Lord, Lord," and then forgetting to keep his commandments. This Home School work is in danger of going through resolutions and praise into forgetfulness. It needs the touch and grip of strong souls, who see a need, find out how to meet it, and then address themselves to the task of doing the work required. Let us commend the Home School as a plan to be made effective. Test it. Test it at once. Begin at your home—whether you, the reader of these lines, be superintendent, teacher, or pupil. Look up neglected children or those who for any reason do not go to Sunday-school. Find a place—somebody's kitchen or parlor. Appoint a meeting. Get lesson and other papers. Begin. Knowing and approving, Do, and that with your might.

THE poem by Dr. George Lansing Taylor last week, on Col. Miller's brave response to his commander's order, needs the following historical memorandum, which, at Dr. Taylor's request, we publish:

A curious historical controversy long existed as to the authorship of the order to Col. Miller to storm the British battery. Hale's old school History of the United States credits the order to Gen. Ripley, to whose brigade Col. Miller belonged, and whose old regiment, that did the work, Miller then commanded. But Hale gives no authorities. Mansfield's Life of Gen. Scott tries to claim it for him, as he was, under Maj.-Gen. Brown, in general charge of the battle. Scott's own autobiography, however, ignores the whole affair. The "American Encyclopedia," under "Miller," credits Scott with the order, and under "Scott" ascribes the exploit to Scott in person, thus contradicting itself. I examined about twenty other authorities, and found nothing to weaken the clear showing of Lossing's "Field Book of the War of 1812." He prints Gen. Brown's report to the War Department stating that he—Brown—gave the order, and Miller's letter—two days later—to his wife, stating also that Brown gave him the order.

NOTICE.

SUBSCRIBERS receiving OUR YOUTH *in clubs* may have the paper sent to their own addresses hereafter if they so desire.

New subscribers to OUR YOUTH will receive back numbers from December 5, 1885.

Subscribers who do not receive OUR YOUTH regularly will please notify us immediately.

THE KING'S JEWELS—A PARABLE.

BY T. M. GRIFFITH.

THE kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king who sent forth his servants to gather jewels; and they brought him of every kind—diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, also shells and shining stones—some precious and pure, others mixed with alloy, or wholly without worth. And, behold, on a certain day, the king said, "Now I will make up my jewels." There were some that shone like stars, but he would have them not, for their shining was but empty glitter. There were some that looked fair to the eye, but he saw they were not sound and pure. There were others that men thought of but little account, but the keen-eyed king saw their value and gathered them into his casket.

Now it came to pass that when the king had made up his jewels he said unto his servants, "These that are left are not worthy of me, neither let any man gather them, but take ye them and cast them into the sea." So they threw them into the waves, and the waves swallowed them up, so that they were seen no more.

The King's jewels are God's faithful and chosen children; but the worthless and rejected jewels are the disobedient and neglectful ones, and they that shine in the light of this world, and they that have only the form of godliness. And it shall come to pass that only they that are worthy shall shine in the crown of the King eternal. But a great and bitter cry shall go up from the far-reaching realms of eternity, "Woe unto us! For the King hath made up his jewels, and we are not saved." He that hath ears let him hear this little parable, and consider well the interpretation thereof.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for January 17, 1886. THE FAITHFUL RECHABITES.—Jer. 35. 12–19. GOLDEN TEXT.—Jer. 35. 14.

IT does not belittle or degrade a fellow to respect and obey his father. Who could think that it does? Yet there are many boys who act as though they thought it did. Who has a better right than father to tell a boy what to do and what is best for him? Who is more likely to know what is best? Who is more likely to desire the best interests of a boy? Why should it be unmanly to obey? Or why should a fellow be ridiculed for obedience? And if ridiculed by other fellows why should he care? A boy who will make fun of another for deferring to his father's wishes is too contemptible to make his opinions worth a penny. And he is altogether too low for a decent and self-respecting boy to associate with or recognize. Obedience to father is genteel, honorable, manly, and in every way and for every reason deserving of respect. It does secure the respect of all true ladies and gentlemen every-where. Honor is put upon the sons of Jonadab because they "performed" the words of their father and "kept all his precepts." They were, in this, courteous gentlemen. And the Lord commended them.

Even when father commands a thing which a boy does not wholly approve, if the command does not require an act of sin against God (we are to obey our parents "in the Lord"), he should conform to his father's request. It is a beautiful thing to see a full-grown man yielding to some of the notions and whims of his old father. "He was kind and faithful to me in my boyhood. I must be true to him in his old age and feebleness." Every body respects that man. One of the lowest and most dishonorable things a fellow can be guilty of is disrespect toward his parents.

The habit of obedience makes self-control easy. The spirit in which one obeys a home-law is the spirit in which he obeys a health-law. The secret of self-denial and self-mastery lies in an obedient temper and habit. Willing to obey their father's will, the Rechabites found it easy to drink no wine. I am sure that from childhood they had obeyed, and when Jonadab asked them to refrain from a popular and fashionable indulgence they promptly and "forever" obeyed. They were "total abstainers"—trained to it, and trained for it, and they reaped a good harvest of respect and honor and prosperity. The boy who obeys mother and father at two years of age, and at five and at ten, will be likely to obey them at fifteen and twenty, and all through life will find it easier to obey conscience and the leadings of the Holy Spirit. The root of true temperance reform is in the family. The best temperance institution is home. The best prohibitory provision is in the habit of prompt and unquestioning obedience in the family. I believe in prohibitory laws. I hope the time will come when the whole power of the state will be put forth to destroy the liquor traffic root and branch. In the meantime, if parents will be Jonadabs, we shall defeat the rum-dealer by developing brave, independent, self-governed men. Let us have home-government, self-government, prohibitory laws, and a prohibitory clause in the Constitution.

Young reader, begin to-day the practice of the lessons taught in this lesson. Treat mother and father with greater kindness. Obey. Obey at first opportunity. Take pleasure in obedience as a means of self-training, and thus add joy and add years of life to the father and mother who love you.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

What is the "Oxford League?"

It is a reorganization of the famous "club" at Oxford, England, with which the great revival of primitive piety known as Methodism began one hundred and fifty years ago. That "club" was composed of a number of young collegians, graduates for the most part of one or another of the colleges at Oxford, who were then pursuing post-graduate courses of study, and who came together four nights a week for about nine years for literary and religious purposes. They studied critically the Greek Testament and certain of the ancient classics, and made diligent inquiry concerning the standards of genuine Christian attainment and the possibility of more earnest religious living. They also devised plans (which they faithfully executed) for reaching and helping the poor, the afflicted, the criminal classes, and all other neglected portions of the population of London. The movement was an important one. It attracted attention. It excited the opposition of formal churchmen, and elicited torrents of abuse from the godless and infidel students and professors. The members of the "Holy Club," as it was called in derision, were nicknamed "Methodists." From this group of earnest young Oxford students came the modern revival of the ancient and original Church doctrine, spirit, and conduct which is known the world over as "Methodism." The Oxford League of 1884 is a reproduction of the Oxford Club of 1729–37, having for its end the revival of the four objects of that club: 1. The more careful study of the Word of God; 2. The study of literature; 3. The increase of personal piety; and 4. The training of its members in works of mercy and of help. The conditions of the early "club" are not to be reproduced. It is well they cannot be. But the high and worthy ends they aimed at are as much needed to-day as then. It is the mission of the "Oxford League" to do these good and great first works over again.

For whose especial benefit has the Oxford League been established?

For the benefit of our own Church people, especially our young people, who ought to know more about their Church, its history, its apostolic and primitive origin, its relations to the Church of England, its doctrines, economy, and usages; and who ought to be doing more, and growing more under its auspices; studying the Bible more, cultivating their intellectual powers, forming pure literary tastes, giving earnest attention to personal religious experience, and helping the pastor in works of philanthropy—"doing good of every sort to all men." Are these things needed in the Church? The Oxford League hopes to help in promoting them.

How shall a church organize an Oxford League?

Let the preacher in charge give a Sunday evening talk, if he has a will so to do, on some phase of our Church history, showing our place in the Holy Catholic Church, discussing any aspect of the Methodist question he pleases. Let him describe the aims of the "Oxford League" and use such arguments as he can in favor of it. Let him appoint an hour for organization during the week—some day between close of day-school and supper-time, or on prayer-meeting evening just before or just after the service, or some evening not otherwise occupied; or let it be on Sunday evening at 6:30 (at the hour of the usual young people's meeting). Let him order at 805 Broadway a copy of the "Constitution of the Oxford League" and modify as he and his young flock please before adopting it. Then let the tracts of the "Initial Grade" be placed in the hands of all who will read them. The work will thus have been begun. Next week we will continue our suggestions.

Oxford League Hints.

Remember that Our Youth is the organ of the Oxford League, and that we shall be glad to receive and publish reports from the different leagues.

Young people will find in the League all the pleasure of a literary society, and at the same time will learn the history and doctrines of their own Church.

The League is a dignified organization. A club started by undergraduates of Oxford University is not a thing to be ashamed of.

At League meetings have papers read upon life at Oxford past and present. In this way you will become familiar with the surroundings of the Wesleys and their comrades.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

Here is the corrected version of the paragraph which we printed last week. The errors were so evident that probably no one would have found any difficulty in discovering them, even if the italics had not given assistance:

No one of the African travelers has told more laughable stories than he. Each has his favorite anecdotes which he tells to any one whom he can get to listen. "Who," said he, "has ever heard of the man who fell into the water and cried, 'I shall drown, nobody will save me?'"

Perhaps it may seem to some that the *who* in the clause "'Who,' said he," etc., should be *whom*. That this is not so will be readily seen from the fact that the words "said he" are simply parenthetical, and have no influence on the rest of the sentence.

Quite and Very.

These two words should never be used except with a definite purpose. They are to be heard wrongly or needlessly employed in almost every conversation. The second is especially frequent and superfluous in fashionable note writing.

Quite means *entirely*. All will agree to that, perhaps; but when one hears, as he does almost every day, that some one is "*quite* ill," or that "it is *quite* a long distance," what does he conclude—that the man is at death's door, or that the distance is great? No, he understands that the man is *rather* ill, or that the distance is *rather* long. Here we have a strange state of affairs. *Quite* = *rather* = *not quite*, or a word used in a sense exactly opposite from its true meaning. Therefore it is well to fix clearly in mind, and establish in practice, the rule that QUITE *should never be used in the sense of* RATHER *or* VERY.

Very is an intensifying word. When a thing is called *very good*, it is to be considered more than *good* and less than *best*. *Very* has its proper use, but if it is employed carelessly and frequently, it can do a great deal of harm. Most people are not content with saying, "I am sorry that I cannot accept your kind invitation." This dignified sentence seems to lack cordiality, so a pair of really weakening *verys* are introduced, and the false sincerity and warmth are supposed to be present. "I am *very* sorry that I cannot accept your *very* kind invitation."

True art in language is to make expression just forcible enough for the occasion. A man may be *very sorry* for a fault or blunder, but it is seldom that he feels the same about missing a dinner party.

The English say that we Americans live in an atmosphere of superlatives. Our rivers are the longest, our lakes the largest, and our nation generally the greatest. We may not be willing to acknowledge all this, but certain it is that Americans are fond of intensive words and superlative adjectives. People who use up every cent of their incomes never have any thing for extra occasions; those who live always on the mountains are compelled to go downward if they go at all. So people who exhaust their most intense expressions on every-day matters have nothing left for really remarkable experiences, and if they say any thing at all, must either use their ordinary weakened superlatives or seek a lower level. Do not be a language spend-thrift. When you visit an art gallery, do not squander all your adjectives and verys in the first room; there may be something farther on worthy of your admiration. When you write a composition on a famous man, do not call him the "greatest general in history," or the "most remarkable man of the age." There is not room for all the characters in history on the top round of fame's ladder. Try honestly and earnestly to find your hero's place, and put him there. Do not attempt to push him above his position with verys and superlatives.

The discussion of *very* has led naturally to the subject of superlatives. They both belong to the same class. These words are like high ground in the plain of language. If we raise the lower land to their level, we have simply another plain with no high ground. It is the duty of all who are interested in our language to help preserve the proper relations of words to thoughts. It is safe to follow this rule: *Never use* VERY *or a* SUPERLATIVE *unless it is necessary in order to express your idea to your own satisfaction.*

The Use of Capitals.

There are a few general rules for the use of capital letters, which it is well to have in mind. Now and then an eccentric author, like Thomas Carlyle, uses capital letters lavishly, and in defiance of all custom, but the vast majority of writers adhere with considerable strictness to the following usage:

1. The first word of every sentence and of every line of poetry should begin with capitals.

2. The principal words in the titles of books or articles should begin with capitals; as,

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

3. Names of the Deity, pronouns referring to God, and the word Bible, should begin with capitals.

4. The first letters of proper names should be capitals.

5. The names of nations and countries, and adjectives derived from these names, should begin with capitals; as,

Italy, Italians, Italian.

6. Words which are of especial importance may be capitalized now and then, but one should be prudent in taking advantage of this license.

7. Names of the months, and certain abbreviations, are capitalized; as,

January, A. D. 1886.

Ten Words Often Mispronounced.

Dishonor—dizhon'or.
Feb'ruary, *not* Febuary.
Flō'rist, *not* flōr'ist.
Gŏs'pel, *not* gaus'pel.
Laundry—lăn'dre.
Năt'ional (*Nash'-*).
Newspaper—nūze, *not* nooz.
Often—ŏf'n.
Pā'triot, *not* pă'triot.
Plait—plāt, *not* plēte.

Two Spelling Lessons.

For collections of words hard to spell, pronounce, or define, we submit the following. The verse is from the London "Punch;" the prose is of Yankee origin:

Menageries where sleuth hounds caracole,
  Where jaguar phalanx and phlegmatic gnu
Fright ptarmigan and kestrels cheek by jowl
  With pewit and precocious cockatoo;
Gaunt senechals, in crochety cockades,
  With seine nets trawl for porpoise in lagoons;
While scullions gauge erratic escapades
  Of madrepores in water-logged galleons;
Flamboyant triptychs groined with gherkins green
  In reckless fracas with coquettish bream.
Ecstatic gargoyles, with grotesque chagrin,
  Garnish the gruesome nightmare of my dream.

Or, if you prefer plain prose:

The most skillful gauger I ever saw was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mullein-stalk as an instrument of coercion to tyrannize over his pony, shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl sobriquet of "Gypsy" went into ecstacies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled tomatoes without dyeing or singeing the ignitible cue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the cupola of the capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a conch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonnette, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerrotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha, for deleble purposes, a ferrule, a clarionet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism.

The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and parishioner of mine, preferred a wooden surtout (his choice was referable to vacillating, occasionally occurring idiosyncrasies), worldily uttered this apothegm: "Life is checkered, but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished."

The sibyl apologizingly answered: "There is notably an allegeable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trisyllable diæresis." He replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion.

RECREATION.

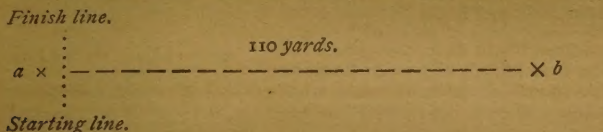
[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

A Skating Tournament.

In the summer-time we have athletic games and tennis tournaments; why should we not introduce an element of wholesome competition into our winter sports? It would be difficult as well as dangerous to race with "double-rippers" or toboggans, but in skating rivalry is the most natural thing in the world. Let the young people of a neighborhood form a skating club. Have one committee on the lookout for good ice, and another to see that snow is cleared away if necessary, and that a good blazing fire is burning on the bank, when the weather is very cold.

Sometime during the winter arrangements should be made for a grand tournament to consist of various races and contests. Simple badges of colored ribbon with the name of the club and the date of the tournament printed upon them in gilt would serve as incentives and mementos.

A smooth stretch of ice about 400 feet long should be selected for the tournament. The old Roman form of race-course is the best for this purpose.



Two flag-staffs, *a* and *b*, placed 330 feet apart are the turning stakes. The staffs should not be driven into holes in the ice, but by banking snow around their bases, and sprinkling water upon it, an hour of cold weather will make strong sockets for the poles. If ice is being cut near by, and can be conveniently procured, it would add greatly to the beauty of the track to make a low wall of ice from *a* in a straight line to *b*. The more colored flags and streamers scattered along the wall the gayer and prettier the scene.

The officers of the tournament should be a judge, a starter, a timer, and two or three guards to keep the track clear. Some gentleman of the neighborhood would act as judge, deciding contests and awarding prizes. The timer should be provided with an accurate watch, and the starter see to it that none of the contestants leave the mark before the word is given.

On the appointed day, all preparations having been made, officers, spectators, and contestants assemble. The first race is a 100 yards dash for young fellows of fifteen or over. The boys take their places on the line 100 yards from the starting line. At the word they are off, and come dashing along at first close together, but soon one takes the lead, and crosses the finish line a winner.

Then follow an eighth mile race (once around the whole circuit), a quarter mile (twice around), and a half mile (four times around). These contests may be limited to boys between certain ages, as the committee may decide.

For a hurdle race, boughs of evergreen should be laid at distances of ten yards, and the skaters be compelled to leap over them. Races for girls should not be omitted, and prizes should be given for the most graceful skating. If there are any tricycles in the vicinity, a tricycle race over the track would be a novel and pleasant feature.

We hope that some of the readers of Our Youth will organize a skating-club, and send us a report of their first tournament, which we shall be glad to publish.

In-door Athletics.

Rope-climbing is another form of in-door athletics which furnishes splendid exercise, and admits of close rivalry. Two ropes 1¼ inches in diameter should be firmly tied around a roof beam in some high barn, so that there will be at least fifteen feet for climbing. These ropes should be far enough apart to keep climbers from interfering with one another.

The contest in rope-climbing is conducted as follows: The two climbers stand at their respective ropes, which they may grasp with their hands as high as they can reach without raising their heels from the floor. At the word *go*, the contestants leap from the ground and begin climbing rapidly. The one first touching the roof-beam with his hand is declared winner. It is not fair in climbing to clutch the rope with the feet or knees; all climbing must be done with the hands and arms. This exercise is unequaled for developing the muscles of the palms, wrists, and arms. The most graceful and strongest climbers keep their feet close together, and, holding the body perfectly erect, without any swaying or spasmodic kicking, rise swiftly and with apparent ease.

A Snow-Steamer.

Many of our readers have doubtless built snow-men, snow-tunnels, snow-hills, and snow-houses, but have any of them ever built a snow-yacht? This truly arctic craft may be constructed on any lawn where there is plenty of snow, and a prospect of good, sharp, freezing weather.

First of all a space about 25 feet by 8 feet should be almost cleared of snow. This is the dry-dock in which to build the snow-steamer. In constructing other vessels the hull is built first, and the machinery put in afterward, but we must reverse that process, and put the boiler in place first. The boiler is made by rolling two very large snow-balls (they should be rolled only one way, so that they will be cylinders) and placing them end to end in the center of the cleared space. On the forward end of the boiler, that is, the end toward the proposed bow of the boat, place the smoke-stack, which may be made by putting small cylindrical rolls of snow on top of one another. Do not make the stack too small around or too tall. Having finished the boiler and smoke-stack roughly, you are ready for the hull. Mark out the shape of the hull carefully in the snow, and then on this line build a bulwark with blocks of snow. The bulwark should be three feet high at the bow and should slope away to two feet at the stern. About amidships on each side leave an opening for a gangway. After smoothing down the bulwarks, boiler, and smoke-stack, and adding flag-poles at bow and stern, you have an open snow-yacht. If there are plenty of snow blocks to be had, you can add a cabin at the stern and a wheel-house forward. You can glaze the portholes in the cabin with pieces of thin ice, and make it very cozy indeed. Countless additions will occur to live young snow-ship builders which we have not time to suggest.

We hope that many snow-steamers will be built this winter, and that they will have prosperous voyages until they sail into the opening spring-time, and trickle away to the river and the sea to take part in real navigation.

French Charades.

We describe this game not with the idea of presenting any thing new, but in the hope that our words may induce more people to join in this entertaining and wit-sharpening pastime.

The company is divided equally into two sides, one of which adjourns to an adjoining room, while the other goes into "executive session" with closed doors to select a word which the others must represent by action. The hint given to the "outs" is simply a word with which the required word rhymes. Thus if the "ins" decided on the word *lea*, they would say to the "outs," "The word which you must act rhymes with see." Then the "outs" retire to rack their brains for words that rhyme with see, and for ways to act the words. If the "outs" act the right word, the sides change places, and a new word is selected. If at any time the "outs" act a word which the "ins" cannot guess within five minutes, the sides change as under the other condition. No talking is permitted in the acting, and the dictionary is not to be disturbed. Played by a party of bright, wide-awake young people this is one of the best evening games that we can recommend.

Dumb Crambo.

This game, like "French Charades," is familiar, but it can do no harm to refresh the memories of our readers in regard to it.

As in charades, the company is divided into two equal sides, which take their places in different rooms. Each side selects one of its number to confer secretly with a representative from the other side. The two persons decide upon some object, no matter what. It may be "the cannon-ball that killed Nelson," or some ornament in the house. Having agreed upon this object, the representatives go each to the room of the opposing side, where the circle try to discover, by asking any number of questions, what the object is. The side which makes the discovery first keeps the representative from its opponents, and get back their own besides. When the playing ends, the side having the largest number is victorious. The only answers which can be demanded are, "Yes," "No," "I don't know."

When the object chosen is, for instance, "the arc of a circle traversed by the point of a minute hand in going from four and one half minutes of ten to three fourths of a minute past ten," it is readily perceived that the questioning must be close and persistent. The quickness with which a company of practiced questioners will discover the chosen object is often truly remarkable.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

THE RECORD OF 1885.—These columns contain a brief recital of the important events of the past twelve months. The numbered map will assist our readers in locating the countries to which reference is made.

The record shows a year of increased commercial prosperity. There have been wars in Tonquin, Madagascar, Burmah, Soudan, Peru, Central America, and European Turkey. England and Russia, as well as Spain and Germany, have had serious disputes which have been peaceably settled. Socialism in Europe and labor troubles in America point to future danger.

Among the dead of 1885 are General Grant, American soldier and statesman; General Gordon, the English Christian soldier; Victor Hugo, the French author, and Alfonso XII., King of Spain.

1. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—Grover Cleveland, first Democratic President since Buchanan, inaugurated March 4.——Labor troubles and strikes among the car-drivers of Chicago and St. Louis, the miners of Pennsylvania and Ohio, the shoe-makers of Massachusetts, and the Cleveland iron-workers.——Murderous riots against Chinese laborers in Wyoming and Washington Territories.——Great fire at Galveston, Texas.——Cyclones at Washington Court-House, Ohio, and Charleston, S. C.——Niagara made a public park.——Enforcement of the law against the Mormons.——Indian outrages in Arizona.——Crops are good and the condition of trade is improved.

Deaths—Gen. U. S. Grant, Gen. G. B. M'Clellan, Vice-President T. A. Hendricks, ex-Vice-President Schuyler Colfax, Gen. Irwin M'Dowell, Cardinal M'Closkey, "Josh Billings" (H. M. Shaw), the humorist; Susan Warner, the novelist; W. H. Vanderbilt, the wealthiest man in America; Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng.

3. DOMINION OF CANADA.—A rebellion of the Indians and Half-breeds in the North-west Territory under Louis D. Riel broke out in March, and was crushed by Gen. Middleton's troops in May. Riel was hanged for high treason November 14. His death has roused a bitter race feeling between the French and English inhabitants.——The small-pox broke out in Montreal in the summer and raged till autumn. Mobs of French Canadians violently opposed the efforts of the health officials to check the disease.——The Canadian railway to the Pacific was completed in November.——Steamer *Algoma* wrecked on Lake Superior with loss of forty-eight lives.

4. MEXICO.—The expenses of the government have exceeded its revenues, and the year has been signalized by a general reduction of salaries. A brief revolution in Nuevo Leon was put down with little difficulty.

5, 7, 8, 9, 10. CENTRAL AMERICA.—President Barrios of Guatemala planned the union of these five republics into a single Central American State. He proclaimed himself Dictator, and attempted to force his project upon San Salvador, but his army was routed in battle April 4, and Barrios himself was killed. The scheme was abandoned.

11. UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA.—In January a rebellion broke out on the Isthmus of Panama. Aspinwall was burned April 1, and the railway between the two oceans was in danger. A naval force from the United States of America was sent to the Isthmus and aided effectually in the restoration of order.——In the December gale at Aspinwall twenty-two vessels sank.——The work on the Panama Canal makes slow progress. It is reported that $100,000,000 will be needed to complete the undertaking.

12. UNITED STATES OF VENEZUELA.—An insignificant rebellion has been suppressed.——The country is being thrown open to commerce by means of nine new lines of railway.

17. BRAZIL.—The Imperial Congress has adopted a plan by which the slaves are to be gradually liberated. By the year 1899 slavery in Brazil will be abolished.

19. PERU.—The long civil war was terminated early in December by the complete victory of the party headed by General Caceres. President Iglesias resigned and a temporary commission is administering the government until elections can be held.——Commerce and all business have been nearly destroyed by the unsettled state of affairs since 1883.

25. CUBA.—The death of the Spanish king and the unquiet state of Spain encouraged "Cuban Patriots" to hope for the independence of their island.

32. SWEDEN.—Disaster at Stockholm in September killing many persons who had assembled to welcome Nilsson, the singer.

33. RUSSIA.—Trouble with England in the spring about the Afghan boundary.——Plots discovered against the life of the Czar.

34. GERMAN EMPIRE.—Dispute with Spain in regard to Caroline Islands peaceably settled by the pope.——The German colonial associations have been active planting trading posts in Africa, and among the Pacific islands.——Prussia has caused suffering by the expulsion of the Russian and Austrian Poles.

35. AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.—The Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria met at Kremsier in August, and there is a suspicion that the war between Servia and Bulgaria is the outcome of the imperial meeting.

36. DENMARK.—Affairs are in a bad condition. There has been a panic in business circles.——The king is disliked by the people.——An attempt to assassinate the prime minister failed.——The king's son, Prince Waldemar, has married into the royal house of France.

37. NETHERLANDS.—The execution of the laws against socialists caused serious riots.

38. BELGIUM.—King Leopold is at the head of the association for the formation of the Congo Free State.——The interferences of the Church in national education aroused popular indignation.

39, 40. GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—A year of excitement at home and abroad.——Disputes with Russia and Burmah. Trouble in the Soudan and in Ireland.——Gladstone's government defeated June 8. Lord Salisbury became Premier.——Elections for new Parliament resulted in giving the balance of power to Parnell's Irish Nationalists.——In January dynamite explosions occurred at Westminster Hall and in the Tower of London.——Frequent cases of boycotting in Ireland.——Strikes and socialist demonstrations.

Deaths—Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist; Lord Houghton, the poet; Sir Moses Montefiore, the Jewish philanthropist.

41. FRANCE.—The costly war with China closed by treaty June 9.——The struggle with the Hovas in Madagascar closed by treaty of peace in December.——The disasters of the foreign policy caused the overthrow of Ferry's government in March.——The national elections in October resulted in gains for the Monarchists, though the Republicans retain a large majority.——Jules Grévy was re-elected President of the Republic, December 28, for seven years.—— The cholera raged in southern France.——M. Pasteur has treated several hydrophobia patients with apparent success.

Deaths—Victor Hugo, the poet and novelist; Edmund About, the author; Saint Amand, the dramatist.

42. SPAIN.—Destructive earthquakes in January.——King Alfonso XII. died November 25, leaving his wife regent until his five-year-old daughter can take the throne. Though the situation is dangerous there has been no outbreak.——The dispute with Germany over the Carolines was decided in favor of Spain.——The country has suffered severely from the Asiatic cholera.

Death—Marshal Serrano, a former regent of the kingdom.

44. SWITZERLAND.—Adolf Deucher chosen President for 1886.——In October the Confederacy voted in favor of "local option" on the temperance question.——Autumn floods in eastern Switzerland.

45. ITALY.—Avalanches in the north in January cause great loss of life.——Sicily has suffered intensely from the cholera.

46. GREECE.—Since the Bulgarian trouble in September there have been frequent reports of Greece's warlike intentions.

47. TURKEY.—Turkey in Europe has been once more in a state of tumult. The Turkish government was unable to reinstate its officers in eastern Roumelia after the revolution of September 18.——Turkish troops have been massed in Macedonia, but there has been no serious fighting.

49. SERVIA.—The Servians were jealous of the power of Bulgaria, enlarged by the union with Roumelia, and claimed a portion of Bulgarian territory in compensation. War was declared in November. King Milan of Servia invaded Bulgaria, but was driven back by the united armies of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia under Prince Alexander. The Powers then interfered and arranged a truce.

50. EASTERN ROUMELIA.—The people overthrew the Turkish government, September 18, and proclaimed union with Bulgaria. Two conferences of the Powers at Constantinople failed to restore the former condition of affairs, and the Sultan has appointed the ruler of Bulgaria, Prince Alexander, to the governorship of Eastern Roumelia.

51. BULGARIA.—Prince Alexander complied with the wishes of the Roumelians and became their ruler, thereby rousing the jealousy of Servia. Bulgaria was victorious in the short campaign which followed, and her prince demands that Servia shall pay for the war. The Powers are trying to arrange for peace.

54. ALGERIA.—Earthquakes have caused loss of life and property.

57. EGYPT.—By a new compact with the Turkish Sultan, England has become responsible for the administration of affairs in Egypt.

58. SOUDAN.—When the year opened, an English army was hurrying southward to relieve General Gordon, besieged at Khartoum by the Arabs under the "Mahdi." The expedition arrived too late. Gordon was killed January 26, when the town was taken after a siege of 317 days. The British troops were withdrawn from the Soudan, leaving the country at the mercy of the Arabs. El Mahdi, or the "false prophet," as he is sometimes called, is dead. But a successor has appeared and is leading the Arabs to an attack on Egypt. It is probable that another English expedition will be sent up the Nile to check their advance.

60. ZANZIBAR.—The German East African Association has planted an inland colony here, and has acquired a long strip of coast-line from the natives.

66. MADAGASCAR.—The French efforts to secure control of this island continued till near the end of the year with insignificant results. It was announced in Paris, late in December, that a treaty of peace had been concluded upon terms favorable to France.

69. CONGO FREE STATE.—The association which explored this region was recognized as a sovereign government at the Berlin Congress of Nations, in February, 1885. Col. Francis de Winton was appointed governor of the new State. Plans are on foot for opening to commerce, by means of railways, this hitherto almost unknown section of Africa.

72, 73. RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS.—A railway is being constructed from the Caspian Sea to the disputed boundary of Afghanistan.

74. AFGHANISTAN.—While England was entangled in the Egyptian complications, Russia made an advance into Afghanistan. After a long correspondence with England, which seemed liable at any time to end in war, it was agreed that a commission of English and Russians should fix the boundary between Russia and Afghanistan. This commission is still engaged in this task.

77. CHINA.—The war with France wasted men and money, but the terms of peace were favorable to China. Several European companies have organized to undertake the construction of railroads in China.——Destructive floods at Canton in July.

78. JAPAN.—On the first of January, 1886, Japan abandons the use of paper money.——Cholera and small-pox were prevalent during the summer.

79. BURMAH.—King Theebaw maltreated a British trading company, and refused to grant satisfaction. England sent an army against him in November, and, after a short and decisive campaign, he was captured and taken to India. Burmah became a part of British India, Jan. 1, 1886.

81. TONQUIN AND ANNAM.—The disasters to the French troops in Tonquin led to the treaty with China in June. Since that time the Tonquin has been occupied by the French, who suffer from the attacks of rebels and from cholera. These countries were the scene of the massacre of over twenty-five thousand Christians in the month of August.

85. CAROLINE ISLANDS.—Germany seized these Islands in August. Spain protested. The question was submitted to the Pope, who awarded the sovereignty of the islands to Spain, and gave various minor rights to Germany.

86. MARSHALL ISLANDS.—These islands have been annexed by Germany.

88. PAPUA (New Guinea).—Different portions of this island have been explored and claimed by Englishmen and by Germans during the year.

90. JAVA.—By a volcanic eruption in April more than one hundred lives lost.

91, 92, 93, 94, 96.—The Australian States, except New South Wales (95), have united to form a confederacy. The first meeting of the Federal Council, Jan. 25, 1886.

Pronunciation.

Abt (Ahbt).
A-bout' (Ah-boo').
Al-ge'ri-a (Al-jē'ri-a).
Af-ghan'is-tan.
An-nam.
Ar'abs.
Ar-i-zō'na.
Bar-ri'os.
Bel'gi-um (Bel'jē-um).
Ber-lin'.
Bra-zil'.
Bul-gar'i-a.
Bur'mah (Ber'-).
Căc'ĕr-ĕs (Căs'ĕr-ĕs).
Can-ton'.
Cas'pi-an.
Cō-lŏm'bia.
Cŏn'gō (Cŏng'gō).
Cū'ba.
Czar (Tsar).
Deucher (Doit'sher)
Egypt (E'jipt).
Fer-ry' (Fā-rē')
Guin'ea (Ghin'ne).
Gua-te-ma'la (Gwah-te-mah'la).
Houghton (Hō'ton).
Hū'go.
Ig-lēs'i-as.
Ja-pan'.
Ja'va (Jah'va).
Jules Gré-vy (Zhool Grā'-veh).
Khar-toum' (Kar-toom').
Krem'si-er.
Le'o-pold (Lā'ō-pōld).
Mad-a-gas'car.
Mah'di.
Mon-te-fi-ō're (Mon-tā-fē-ō'rē).
Mont-rē-al' (-awl').
Mi-lan'.
Nī-ăg'ă-ră.
Nil'sson (Neel'son).
Nue'vo Le-on' (Nwā'vō Lā-ōn').
Pa-na-ma'.
Pap'u-a.
Par'nell.
Pas-teur' (-tur').
Pe-ru'.
Prē'mi-er.
Prus'sia (Prush'ya).
Ri'el (Rē'el).
Rou-mē'li-a.
Rus'sia (Rush'ya).
Saint A-mand' (San'tah-mŏn').
San Sal-va-dōr'.
Salis'bur-y (Sawlz'bĕr-ĭ).
Ser'vi'a.
Ser-ra'no.
Sic'i-ly (Sis'ĭ-ly).
Sou-dan' (Soo-dahn').
Stock'holm.
Sŭl'tan.
Swē'den.
Thee'baw.
Ton-quin (Ton-keen').
Ven-e-zue'la (Ven-e-zwee'la).
Wal'de-mar (Wol'de-mar).
Zăn-zi-bar'.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved: That secular books should be admitted to Sunday-school libraries.

Arguments for the Affirmative.

No. 1.—Experience proves that young people *will* read secular books obtained from some source. Many of these prove beneficial, others injurious, to their readers.

All, in this enlightened nation, should feel acquainted with the works of our best authors; but a taste for this kind of reading must be developed, and depends much upon the early reading of the child.

The judgment of the average child is not fully enough formed to decide for himself what he should read, and so must be guided by his seniors.

Oftentimes parents are "too busy" to superintend the reading of their children; consequently, before parents are aware, children form the habit of reading injurious literature. But, since Sunday-school books are among the first of a child's reading, if good secular books be added to its library, a taste for the best reading will be formed, and the evil caused by low literature will be avoided. M. A. M.

Geneseo, N. Y.

No. 2.—There are many so-called secular books which exert great influence for good, without specifically mentioning the subject of religion. The strong moral undercurrent of such books makes itself felt, and often the very fact that religious discussions and conversations are not introduced serves to attract readers to whom such features are for some reason or other distasteful.

In this way elevating and ennobling books, like "Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby," would be read by those who might otherwise make no use whatever of the Sunday-school library.

When sickly sentiment in one chapter is atoned for by an improbable religious conversation in the next, as is sometimes the case in Sunday-school books of the present day, a strong, vigorous, natural story, with a high purpose, is a welcome and inspiring friend. Let the best of this true literature, the very language of which has an educating power, find a place in our Sunday-school libraries. A. N. S.

No. 3.—Secular books should be admitted in proper proportion and character.

First. Because the Church aims to secure the best development of those whose education she seeks. This may be greatly furthered by acquaintance with the world's best thought, and that can only come from wise reading of secular literature.

Second. Reading is a national habit. Every one reads. This habit is pernicious or salutary according to what is read. One duty of the Church is to control this habit in the interests of purity and truth. This she can do in no way better than by disseminating pure, strong, healthy literature, and much of it is secular.

Third. Remember that the purpose of Sunday-school libraries is not to divert, amuse, or instruct during a Sunday afternoon, but is to put into the hands of the multitudes who have no books good reading matter for every day, and so influence toward a higher culture.

R. S. H.

No. 4.—The aim of the Sunday-school library should be the improvement of the mental and moral condition of the members of the school. The books must above all be readable, or this object is lost. The libraries of many schools contain only those books which have a distinctly religious character. Such books, except in rare instances, do not interest the average reader. He turns from the Sunday-school literature to that of the Sunday newspaper, or to any thing interesting. In such a case the Sunday-school library becomes a real evil. To correct this evil let our libraries offer the best books in the language—books of high moral teachings, but books in which the charm of style and story holds the reader till the lesson has been taught. G. L. A.

No. 5.—First. Many scholars have little or no reading, except through the Sunday-school; hence they should be furnished with general as well as religious literature.

Second. The library can be made a means of education of far greater influence if books of general literature are contained in it than if it be limited to religious works.

Third. The average religious story is not an interesting or able work; and to give only books of this class to the scholars will do less good than if only the best books in every department of literature are placed in their way. E. N. T.

Announcement.

Arguments for the negative will be printed in our issues for January 23 *and* 30, *and must be sent to* OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before January* 16 *or* 23.

STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

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The Committee in charge of the construction of the pedestal and the erection of the Statue, **in order to raise funds for its completion,** have prepared, from model furnished by the artist, a *perfect fac-simile* Miniature Statuette, which they are delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at the following prices:

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—"Bub, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer, recently, as he measured out a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water, and starch?"

"No, I didn't," replied the boy; "but I heard mother say that there were peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold."

The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.—*Ex.*

—"There's where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school-house.

"Did they?" said the old lady with animation. "Then if they fit for college before they went they didn't fight afterward."

"Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit; "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands."

"Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

—"Charlie," said a little four-year-old, "give me a quarter to buy a monkey."

"We've got one monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother.

"Who is, Charlie?" asked the little fellow.

"You."

"Then give me a quarter to buy the monkey some candy."

—"General," said a major, "I always observe that those persons who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood are amazin' particular about the first drop."

—"John, aren't there any eggs this morning?"

"No, mum, not a one."

"The hens must have laid some."

"Perhaps they mislaid 'em, mum."

—Little girl (to youthful caller)—"Are you making many calls to-day?"

Youthful caller—"Only one. Mother made me promise to call here, because she used to go to school with your mother. I came early so as to have it over with."—*Life.*

"Now be a good little boy, Willie," said his mother to him one day, wishing to impress upon him the reward in store for the just, "and when you die you will have a gold harp to play on."

"I don't know how to play on a gold harp," he grumbled, "and I don't want nuthin' any way what I've got to die to git. Let Johnny be good and git the harp, and gimme a drum."—*Ex.*

—A timid Chinee dined with the young ladies of Mount Holyoke Seminary a few weeks since. His laconic remark at leaving was, "Too much plenty girl."

—A Georgia paper knows a man who went all the way from Cassville to Atlanta. On his return he looked solemn with the weight of garnered wisdom, and said, "If the world is as big t'other way as it is that, it's a whopper."

—A quiet, peaceable gentleman in Philadelphia has recently given up business, sent his family into the country, and calmly announces his determination of devoting the remainder of his life to discovering the man who sent him a paving stone by express, with seventeen dollars charges on it.

—An old woman sat on a bench in the Grand Trunk Depot yesterday wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, when a portly man, full of sympathy, said to another: "'Tis sad to see the falling tear. It always makes my heart ache to see an aged person in trouble." Walking up to her, he kindly said: "My good woman, why these tears—why do you weep?" She took down her handkerchief, looked up in surprise, and bluntly answered: "I've got the wust cold in my head I've had for forty-six year."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Dr. Wilkes, in his recent work on physiology, remarks that "it is estimated that the bones of every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a marble mantle every eight months." It will be perceived, therefore, that in the course of ten years each of us eats three or four mantle-pieces, and a few sets of front-door steps. And in a long life I suppose it is fair to estimate that a healthy American could devour the capitol at Washington, and perhaps two or three medium-sized marble-quarries besides. It is awful to think of the consequences if a man should be shut off from his supply of lime for a while and then should get loose in a cemetery. An ordinary tombstone would hardly be enough for a lunch for him.—*Max Adeler.*

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